LOST TALES

A TRON FANZINE

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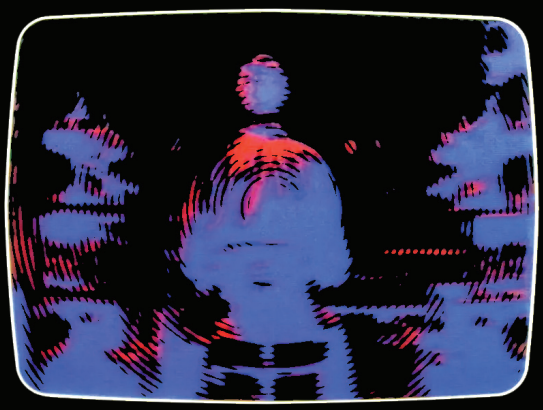

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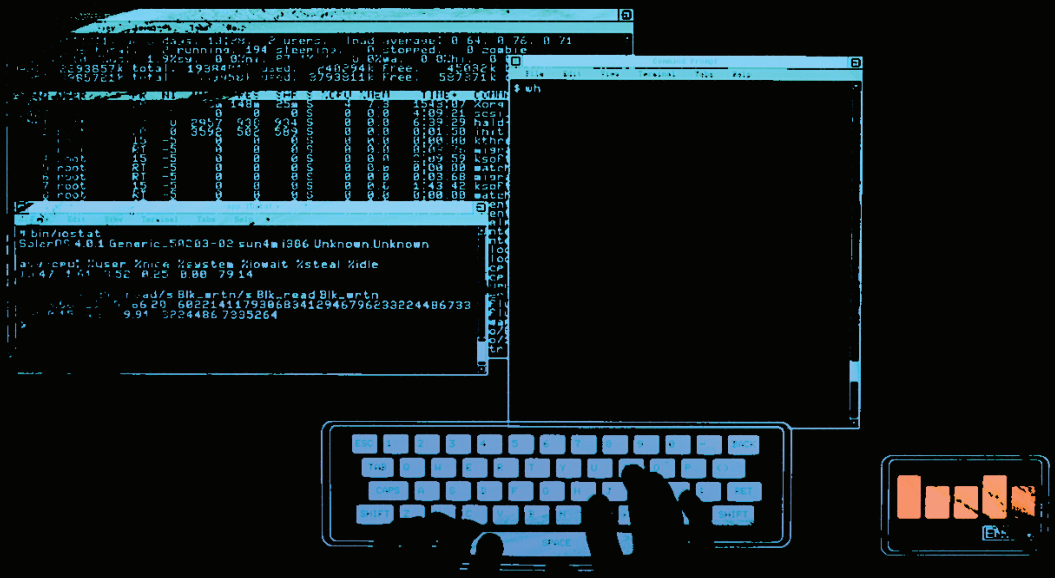
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to start by seriously commending and thanking all the contributors for their hard work and patience throughout the creation process of this zine. Your work is astounding and I am very honored and proud to be able to present your passion for this franchise this way.

Thank you to the zine's mod team, Panda, Sam, Vince, NDRL, and Keke, for their involvement and continual support and assistance – could not have done this without you! Also, immense gratitude to my friends who gave moral support throughout the many personal life events that affected this zine: James, Blaine, Bowie, Daneel, Christine, and Kacey (and Maa) – you guys are the best, thank you.

A huge thank you to Steven Lisberger and everyone from the cast and crew of TRON over the years for creating such a captivating and beautiful franchise. Thank you to everyone and anyone who's ever created work inspired by TRON, archived through the internet, for inspiring us in turn. This is for you.

– Rex (Organiser)



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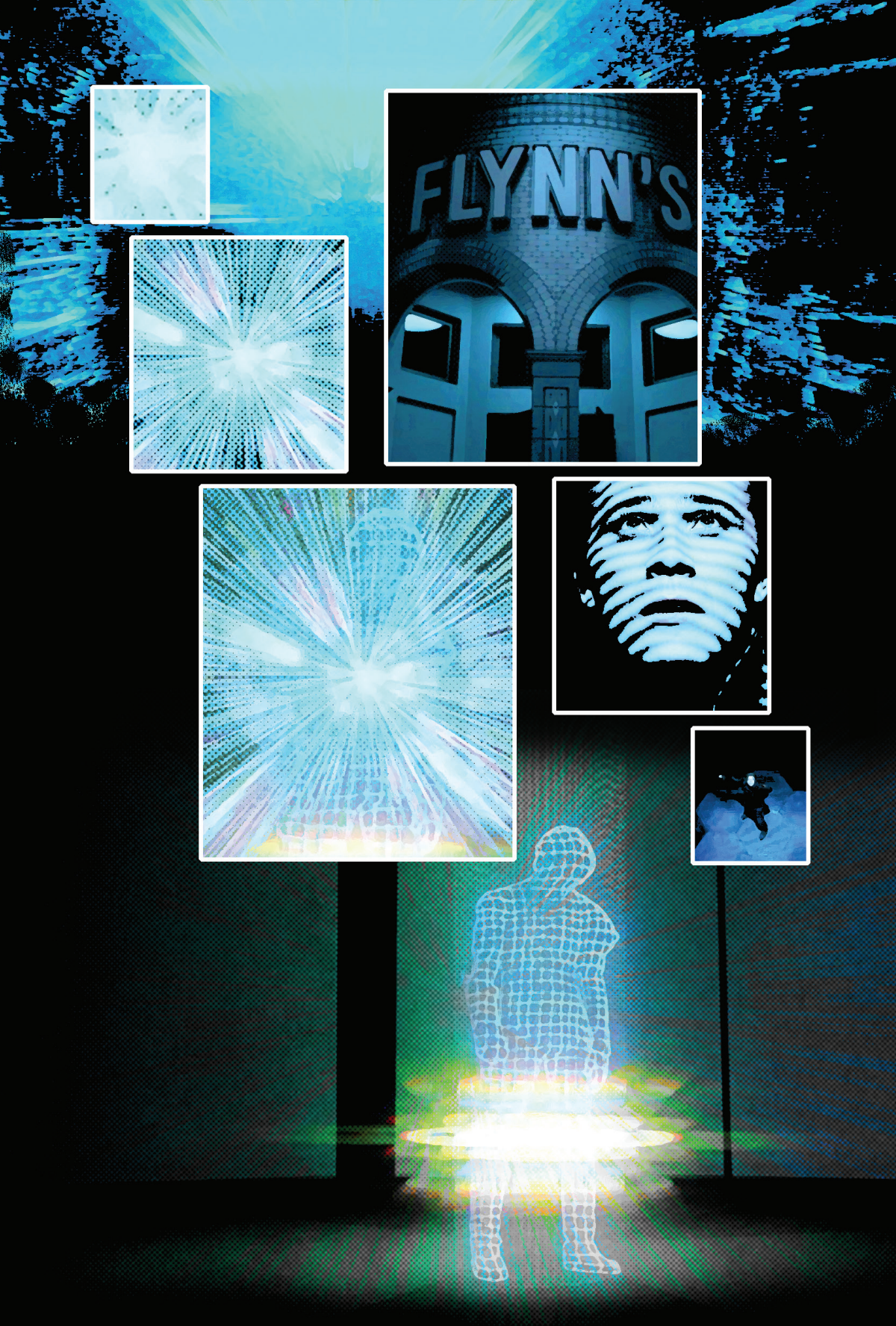

FLYNN'S

FOREWORD

On July 9, 1982, TRON (1982) graced the screen and gave birth to the sleek sci-fi world hidden within our own that we know and love to this day.

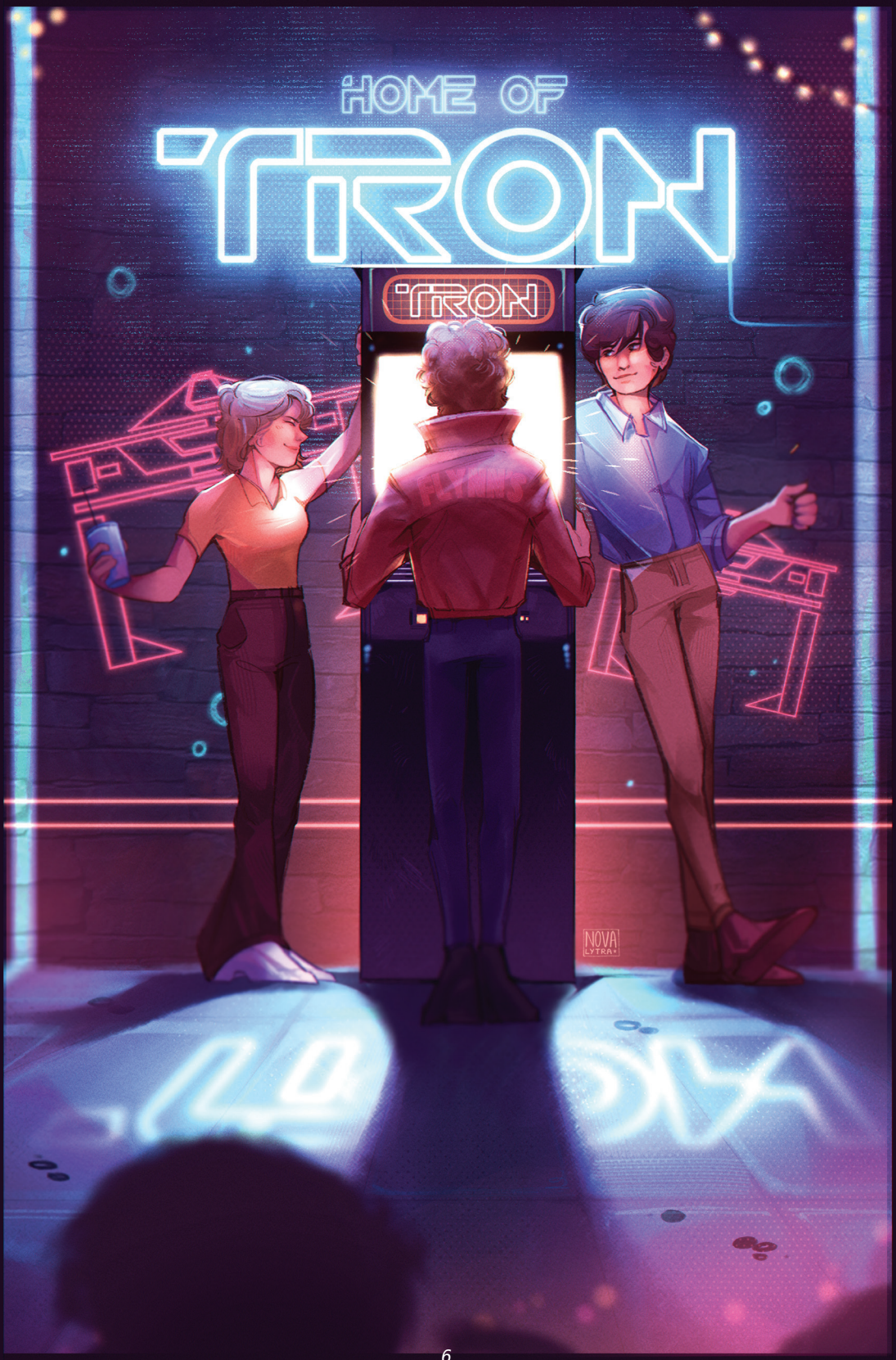
The TRON franchise, as of the creation of this anthology, consists of: two feature films, a short film, an animated tv series, two comic mini-series and comic adaptions, many novel adaptations, and at least nineteen arcade and video games. And, yet, there's one thing that plagues all TRON fans– what happens next? How did we get to where we are?

LOST TALES: A TRON Fanzine is an anthology of art and writing that explores the gaps in the story of TRON. Compiling the work of twenty-nine creatives, this zine serves as a celebration of the franchise's characters, history, and lore, by expressing curious wonderment for the in-betweens of the stories we know and love.

This zine also celebrates digital preservation, which has an important place in the TRON fandom's history, as well as in our lives. All funds generated from this project will be donated to the Internet Archive, a digital library of Internet sites and other cultural artifacts in digital form.

Thank you for reading and supporting this zine!

TRON LIVES!


HOME OF
TRON
TRON
NOVA
LYTRA

Shepherds of the Source, Part 1

By David March Fleming

In the data fields of IOP8, any microcycle can seem like the next as harvesting programs spend their functions nurturing pure source into bit crops. But when a harvester goes missing, scheduler program DD takes notice.

“The work here is hard, program. Not like Encom,” says ASL from behind her station. ROR, sitting across from her, is unsure how to respond.

“Yes, I under—”

“Encom is a highly developed system,” ASL continues. “All compilations of programs exist there. Almost any program can execute, thrive even, running untested functions on highly processed data.”

“Yes, I know what you—”

“This isn’t Encom. Sectors here loop endlessly, and one data field can look like the next. Many programs have lost their resolution calculating on nothing but raw bits for microcycles on end. Left-shift the wrong register at the wrong instruction, and it could be the last error you enter. Do you understand?”

ASL demands. ROR waits a moment before speaking.

“Yes ma’am, I understand.” They look at ASL confidently. ASL returns ROR’s gaze for what seems a microcycle, when to ROR’s relief, she stands and smiles. ROR stands as well. ASL turns to look out her window toward the data fields.

“For those programs who learn its ways, this is a beautiful place,” ASL says, admiring the vista. “Users built this system, true, but we programs grow the bits and harvest the data,” ASL asserts, turning to face ROR. “Keep that in memory, and you just might make it.”

“I will, ma’am. Thank you. I calculate my functions will more than suffice for my duties here.”

“We’ll calculate that soon enough, program,” ASL responds, handing ROR an updated identity token. “Let’s get you loaded and running. Welcome to IOP8.”

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“How did you get in there?” ROR queries a field fly caught in a source brook. Ensconced in a cove just off the edge of the data field they’re supposed to be harvesting, ROR has been sitting, watching the source shimmer. It’s been many cycles now since they arrived at IOP8, and although they have adapted quite well, ROR isn’t what you’d call a data harvester by design. They do a good job, true. They almost never enter an error. But ROR’s heart is in the edges of things and, as they would say, a bunch of bits in the middle of a field isn’t on the edge of anything.

ROR scoops their hand into the brook, lifting the fly to safety. It flitters off as they watch; it becomes too small to track. ROR looks around the cove, enjoying a small moment of no operations, taking in the shapes and solace of all that grows around them. But no-ops can’t last, and they calculate they’d better check in with their scheduler, DD. ROR stands and stretches, when they are startled by a noise behind them. They turn, straining to see into the dark undergrowth. “Bug Bug, is that you?”

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DD pushes his hand into the substrate of the data field, sifts through and pulls forth a young bit. He inspects it,

smiles, places the bit back, covers it gently. DD looks up, admiring the horizon, where the fields meet the vector mountains, mountains upon which the fractal forests grow, forests from which the source itself flows. Maybe this crop, this time, will execute on schedule.

LDA approaches DD quietly, not wanting to disturb him. “They’re late,” she says. DD stands, wiping his hands. “ROR again.”

“Yeah, I calculated as much, where is he this time?” a now irritated DD asks as he makes his way across the field.

LDA swats at a fly as she walks with him. “Want me to check the cove?” LDA offers as she scans the horizon, then sighs. “They should be here by now.”

“If I had a microcycle for every time he went off-grid, this bit crop would be integrated already,”
DD moans. “Take BEQ and go find——”

“Them,” interrupts LDA. DD stops and LDA nearly runs into him. She lowers her head, feeling his gaze.

“Take a register, find them, get back here.”

– – – – – – – – – – –

LDA and BEQ head toward the cove, as LDA smacks a loose shifter. “DD said he fixed this!”

“I don’t compute why DD is so hard on ROR,” BEQ interjects.

“Well, DD has a task to schedule, and ROR spending cycles in other memories is the last subroutine we need right now,” LDA explains as she points. “There’s the cove, just ahead.”

LDA and BEQ arrive, exit the register, and look around.

“ROR? It’s LDA! We need you at the field!”

“Hey, look at this,” says BEQ, standing at the brook. She motions for LDA and shows her some tracks.

“They go there,” observes LDA. They follow the tracks to a dark thicket.

“What the HELO?” asks BEQ, observing something on the ground. She pushes back the growth.

“Looks like some sort of ... transport marker?” offers LDA.

“What?”

“Not sure. I’ve heard of them but I’ve never seen one.”

“Did it ... did ROR ... wait, what are you doing?”

LDA reaches her hand over the thing, calculating, when it begins to glow, then hum, increasing in intensity.

“LDA, I’m scared ... let’s go ... LDA, come on!”

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LDA and BEQ are nearly back to the field when DD, standing near his accumulator, hears their register fast approaching. He walks toward them as they stop and exit.

“No ROR,” manages LDA, catching her breath. “And something doesn’t compute. A transport marker, I think. Did ROR show—”

“A transporter?!” exclaims DD.

“We found tracks, ROR’s maybe,” says BEQ. “It started energizing so we ran.”

DD is unsettled. “You decided correctly,” he assures them as he reflexively scans the horizon. LDA and BEQ exchange glances as DD calculates what to do. “We need to tell ASL.” LDA and BEQ’s eyes open wide. DD heads for the accumulator. “Let’s go.” LDA and BEQ catch up and jump in. DD hits the accelerator and they speed away.

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After a long drive, they arrive and exit the accumulator, surprised to see ASL standing at her door.

“Missing someone?” says ASL, knowingly. “Come in. Tell me.” They go inside and stand by a nice heat sink.

“They found a transporter,” begins DD. ASL looks at LDA and BEQ, who abruptly look down.

“And you’re still here!” ASL says to them. “Well done, LDA.”

“It was BEQ. She pulled me away,” LDA confesses, looking thankfully at BEQ.

“Is ROR gone?” BEQ asks timidly. ASL looks at BEQ for a moment, says nothing, then focuses on DD.

“There is crosstalk among the data pushers of a program seeking control of other systems. Transporting its subroutines to any sectors it can reach. Appropriating files, annexing entire programs into its functions.”

“A program? Here?” DD asks. “How? Only a user—”

“Could do such things? If crosstalk equals true, and if users wrote us, then I calculate not all users have our best functions in mind,” ASL explains.

“I pray to the users for their return!” BEQ pleads, lowering her head as LDA reaches to hold her.

ASL turns to face BEQ, who looks up at her. “You pray to the users for ROR’s return? Then I must ask you, program, which users?”

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In the human world ...

“What? Not again!” Rachel exclaims, thrusting forward from her chair, staring angrily at her monitor. “Dad? ... dad! ... Robert! ... you need to see this!”

CONTINUED AT IOTOWER.COM

All that is visible must grow beyond itself, and extend into the realm of the invisible.
AP
2-23
Jever Wren Draws

Chess and Cheating

Dedicated to David Warner.

By LAM
Instagram: @chequetheportal

Sark considered himself a strong program. Intelligent, more so than the average conscript, and with the MCP's ear he was unstoppable. He didn't remember, or at least pretended not to remember a time before the MCP was in control, back when he was a debugging program and the MCP was a chess player.

He'd been written to clear up any loose ends or random bits of code that went astray. Unlike Tron, Sark had been more of a housekeeper than a guard. The MCP was an older program, brought over from 00-Dillinger's personal systems. Back then, MCP stood for "Mastering Chess Program," and Sark was one of the few who had known him as such.

Sark was derezzing stray gridbugs who were getting too close to the main system when the MCP asked him if he liked games. He'd never played any games, and the MCP was more than happy to teach him chess. The pieces' names were arbitrary and they all had such complex move sets that it was difficult for Sark to pose much of a challenge. Wanting to give Sark a chance to show his worth, the MCP expanded his parameters to include a rudimentary version of disk wars. He and Sark would spar at every opportunity. Soon Sark was teaching the MCP how to block blows and dodge disks.

"Did you know that the Users cannot contact us here?" the MCP asked him after a close match. Sark was surprised. He assumed that even when 00-Dillinger wasn't

contacting him for an update or assignment that he was constantly monitored.

"No, I didn't know that. How'd you manage to block us off from them?" The MCP smiled and raised a finger to his lips and pinged *shh/secret/not supposed to*. Sark was scared at first, but soon became enthralled with the idea that they had power outside the Users. When the MCP started growing beyond himself, taking over an I/O tower and further expanding his parameters, Sark derezzed the former tower guardian.

The MCP took the guardian's place, and with Sark as his personal protector, he enlisted those who came to contact their User through force. As the MCP grew further and further from his original parameters, he less resembled the program Sark once considered a friend.

Many cycles passed before Sark was called into the inner chamber, alone. The MCP was going by "Master Control" now. He had turned his circuits red as a show of his power and in defiance of the Users. He was dressed like a tower guardian but wasn't wired into the dais.

"Sark! My ruthless defender. I want to thank you for your cycles of loyal service." He paused, waiting for Sark to answer. Sark looked down at his fading blue circuits, the thought of his User briefly flashed through his mind. It was stomped out viciously. He had chosen himself and The MCP over them, and it was too late to be having doubts.

"Thank you. It's been an honor to help you." He chuckled to himself. "And to think, my original function was just derezzing gridbugs and cleaning up loose code!"

The MCP gave a hum in return.

"Yes, humble beginnings. Anyway, my gift to you is a uniform change, and a position as my intermediary to the other programs. If you want it." The last part was said jokingly, knowing Sark loved power and authority. Sark undocked his disk and held it out to the MCP for the upgrade.

"I'd love it. Thank you, Chess."

The MCP glowered and Sark felt all the power behind his gaze. Almost frantically he dropped to one knee and trained his eyes on the ground.

"I'm sorry. I forgot my place, Master Control Program."

The MCP reached down and nearly snatched the disk from Sark's hands, spinning it once. Sark looked up

reflexively as his disk dangled from the other program's fingertips. A sharp smile split his superior's face.

"That's better." The MCP's eyes glowed as he cracked open the core of Sark's code and began rewriting lines. After a moment the disk darkened and turned red. Handing it back, the MCP smiled.

"I think you'll really like what I've got in store for you."

Sark docked the disk and felt his body seizing. Looking down he saw red bleeding across his blue circuits, and armor sprouting from his arms and legs. His chest thickened and a helmet grew down like horns from the sides of his head. When the pain subsided he rolled his neck, and the MCP helped Sark rise to stand on the dais beside him.

"Welcome to the new era, Sark the destroyer."

I'm so sorry you have just reached my answering machine
I'm not in the present, I'm sure you know this whole routine.
Leave your name and number and I'll try to get back to you;
You have 30 seconds to talk to me before you're through.

THE IMPORTANCE OF DR. LORA BAINES

TRON (1982)

BY JULES
AO3: @KRISDAUGHTER_OF_ATHENA

TRON (1982) Behind the Scenes

Human, or Users, have played a major role in the world of Tron. Often, when fans think of Users, they immediately think of Kevin Flynn, the protagonist of the 1982 film and creator of the Grid in Tron: Legacy. Others think of Alan Bradley, who created the titular program, Tron. Even fewer think of Lora Baines-Bradley, the third member of the trio from 1982. However, Lora is just as important as Alan and Kevin. I would argue that she is the most important of the three because without her, the connection to the Grid would not exist. In this essay, I will discuss Lora's importance in the first film, her impact on Tron canon, and how the various unknowns of her future could further change any continuations of the franchise.

Even though Lora does not make her appearance until the thirteenth minute of the film, her first scene immediately stakes her as a major character. She sits at the computer bay in one of ENCOM's research labs, which already implies her importance in the field of computer research. This implication is further evidenced by her name tag, which when paused at 15:30 reads: "Dr. Lora [S.?] Baines". This puts her at the same level of Gibbs (whose tag reads "Dr. Walter Gibbs") and Alan ("Dr. Alan Bradley") in terms of education and possible importance.

Though quite a bit of the project on matter transformation from physical form to computer code through the use of laser rays is headed by Dr. Gibbs, Lora is shown to be an active collaborator. They both mention the effectiveness of different ray distributions, and Lora can be seen programming the computer and checking calculation. Later, when Kevin uses her computer bay to hack the Encom system, she warns him to be careful because this is her "life's work". This proves her contribution to the science of matter transformation and the laser (which is often called the SHIVA laser). Thus the laser can be considered her creation. Minutes later, this is the same laser that transports Kevin into the Grid for the first time. This would be the first of many times. The comic book Tron: Betrayal describes some of these expeditions Flynn made from the "real world" onto the Grid via the laser. In Tron: Legay, Sam is also transported onto the Grid using a laser. This is implied to be a similar, if not the exact same laser that used in Lora's bay in 1982. Therefore, this is Lora's research and laser at play. Without her work, Flynn would have sat at that bay all night and never discovered the world inside the computer.

TRON (1982) *Behind the Scenes*

TRON (1982)

Even though the Flynns are the only Users to see the Grid, Dr. Baines's influence is still found within the computer. She is the User for Yori, a program who specializes in simulations and transport. Her directive is vital to the plot. She not only helps Tron escape after meeting with his User, but she also steers the enemy ship into the MCP at the climax of the film. She drives both the protagonist and the titular character to the end of their arcs, which very well may have saved the Grid from being completely taken over by the MCP. Though she is not given much individual exploration, some fans theorize that she is the strategist for her lover, the warrior Tron. This theory is a reflection of Lora's personality, since Lora was also the one to encourage Flynn and Alan Bradley to sneak into ENCOM. Without her, they may not have infiltrated Encom in the first place. And without Lora, Yori would not have existed, and the fight against the MCP would have been short one extremely valuable ally.

Dr. Lora Baines is one of the inventors of the gateway between the User world and the multiple Grids (both of the Encom system, and Flynn's own Grid). Still, there are so many unknowns about someone who is such a vital facet of the Tron universe. In Tron: Betrayal, Lora talks to Flynn about leaving Encom to work with the American government in D.C. The only other time she is seen is in one glimpse of Tron: the Next Day, the

TRON (1982)

short film following Legacy, where she stands with her confirmed husband Alan Bradley. Beyond that, it is implied that she continues her work with matter transport, but to what end? What exactly does Lora do in D.C.? Does she ever see the inside of the computer while working for the government? One would assume that Sam and Alan eventually tell her about what happened to Flynn, but do they ever tell her that he used her laser? Does she ever get to see the inside of Flynn's Grid, or even the Encom Grid? Does she ever get to meet her program? Does she ever have any noteworthy adventures of her own? So many questions are left unanswered by Disney, leading many fans to wonder and petition for her and Yori's return. How can the fate of this universe continue to champion the connection between its two worlds without one of the key players from the original film?

The franchise that many people have grown to love is built on the bonds between a world of humans and a world of their programs. These tales of heroes and villains across multiple pieces of media, and the exploration of ethics in these worlds would not exist without this connection. This connection would not exist if not for a young Dr. Lora Baines in 1982, who allowed Kevin Flynn to sit down at the computer in front of that laser.

TRON

There's No System Like Home

BY DISCS OF TRON

TWITTER:
@ DISCSOFTRON_
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@ DAY_WRITES

FLYNN PRESENTS TRON AND YORI WITH THE OFFER OF A RUNTIME.

Tron thought he'd rescued Yori from the MCP's clutches.

So why was it that this was the second time this cycle that she'd saved him?

It wasn't common for programs to get the jump on Tron, but with the MCP derezzed, the scum of the system were getting cocky. Yori was constantly by his side, to the point that Flynn called her his 'partner-in-crime', whatever that meant. Apparently it was a compliment.

"You don't have to save me every time," Tron said as Yori untied the ropes. "I would've gotten out."

"After a few cycles, maybe." She retorted, "You'd lose your disc if it wasn't stuck to your back."

"Never." He said, grabbing her hand, "Just like how I will never stop loving you."

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The couple arrived at the I/O Tower and unrezzed their lightcycles. Flynn told them he'd have a surprise the next time he came. While Tron was wary of Flynn's

last surprise, Tron didn't know. The system was still recovering from the "pets" he'd left. Yori was weird. He loved her with all his code.

A beam of light came down from the sky, bringing Flynn into the system. He ran over to Tron and Yori and gave the two of them a massive hug. His blue circuits brightened with joy.

"I've missed you guys!" He said, "How's it been?"

"Everything has been functioning optimally." Tron reported.

Yori shook her head, smiling, then turned towards the User. "It's been great, Flynn. How are you?"

"I just met this girl the other day. Her name is Jordan." He trailed off, then gave himself a little shake. "I wish I had time to tell you all about her, but we don't have much of it."

"What's wrong?" Tron asked, concerned. "Is there an attack coming?"

"No, man, we're fine," Flynn said, "but I have an offer for you."

"What kind of offer?" Yori asked.

Flynn's eyes lit up with an enthusiasm that Tron had come to expect. "I'm making my own system and I want you two to come help me make it the best it can be."

"What's wrong with our system?" Yori asked, ssuddenly defensive. Tron felt her tense up beside him, almost ready to draw her disc.

"Nothing!" Flynn exclaimed, sighing before continuing, "This system isn't meant for Users, Yori. The one I'm making will be for programs and Users, it'll change everything— science, medicine, religion. I can't do that from here."

"We'll go," Tron said without hesitation.

Yori shot him a look. "Flynn, we need to talk this over really quick."

She grabbed her partner's arm and dragged him off. Once they were out of earshot, she wheeled on him.

"You can't actually be considering this. We can't, Tron."

"Why not?" Tron asked with a blank look, "It's an amazing opportunity."

"Our home is here, Tron. Everyone we know is here.

If we go with, Flynn we'll be abandoning all of that."

"And making something brand new, Yori." He grabbed her hand and kissed it. "We'll protect a new Grid, with new programs. We can be part of something amazing."

Yori's eyes bored into his. He couldn't tell what she was thinking. "Do you really feel that way, Tron?"

They stared at each other for what felt like cycles, having an entire conversation with only their eyes.

Tron turned to Flynn. "I'm sorry, my friend, but we can't go."

– – – – – – – – – – –

Tron felt like he'd failed. Something was wrong, but he couldn't tell what. Logically, Yori should be happy. He'd chosen to stay, but she was more distant now than ever.

She'd accelerate her lightcycle faster than his, spend more time away, and did things solo now more than ever. None of these were bad things, and Tron knew that, but he missed the way it was when they were a true duo. He wasn't completely sure if her actions were a result of their talk with Flynn, but it was a distinct possibility.

"Did I do something?" He asked, trying not to sound clingy. He knew she was helping other programs, but she'd been gone all cycle.

"Of course not, Tron." Yori said, dismissing his concern entirely.

"Then why does it feel like I did?"

"Tron, I promise you, you didn't do anything wrong." She was avoiding eye contact, hiding in the limited shadows of their quarters.

"Yori, please just talk to me."

She faced him with tears in her eyes, her circuits flickering, "I can't. I can't let you go."

Tron walked toward her. "I *have* to go, Yori. If I don't take this opportunity, I won't be able to live with myself. You can come too, we can make a life there, even better than this one."

"We both know I can't," she admitted. "My place is here, Tron, in this system."

"And you'll be her best defender," He said with a

sad smile, wiping the tears from her face.

“Come back to me?” Yori asked.

Tron kissed her. “You can count on me.”

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When Flynn came back, Tron and Yori were ready to meet him at the I/O Tower.

“Greetings, Programs!” he said joyfully.

“We made a decision,” Tron said. The somber tone in his voice told Flynn everything.

The User rushed to Yori and hugged her tight. “I’ll keep coming here, I promise.”

She laughed. “You better, old man.”

“Old?” Flynn asked.

Tron released Yori’s hand, grabbed his disc, and passed it to her. “You’re the warrior of the Grid now. Treat it well.”

“An upgrade?” Flynn asked, inspecting the discs. “Well, may I suggest a new title for our indomitable warrior?”

“Please do,” Yori said.

Flynn dramatically brushed his fingers against his chin. “How about... Rinzler?”

Yori smiled. “It’s perfect.”

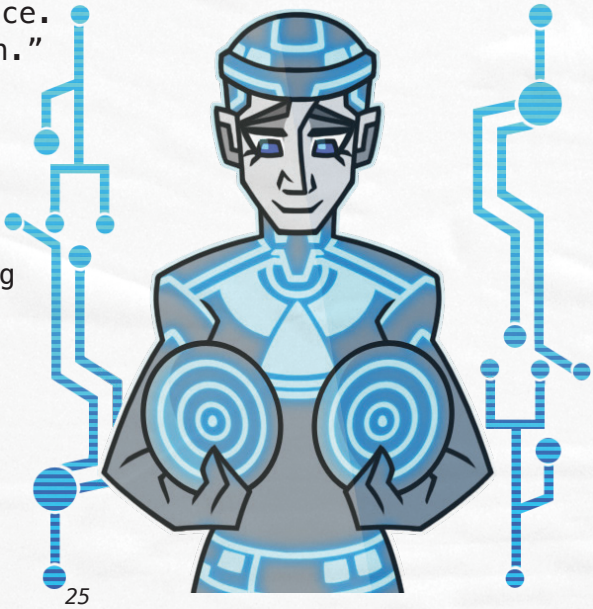
Tron nodded to Flynn. It was time for them to leave. Flynn rezzed out of the system and Tron and Yori silently waited in silence.

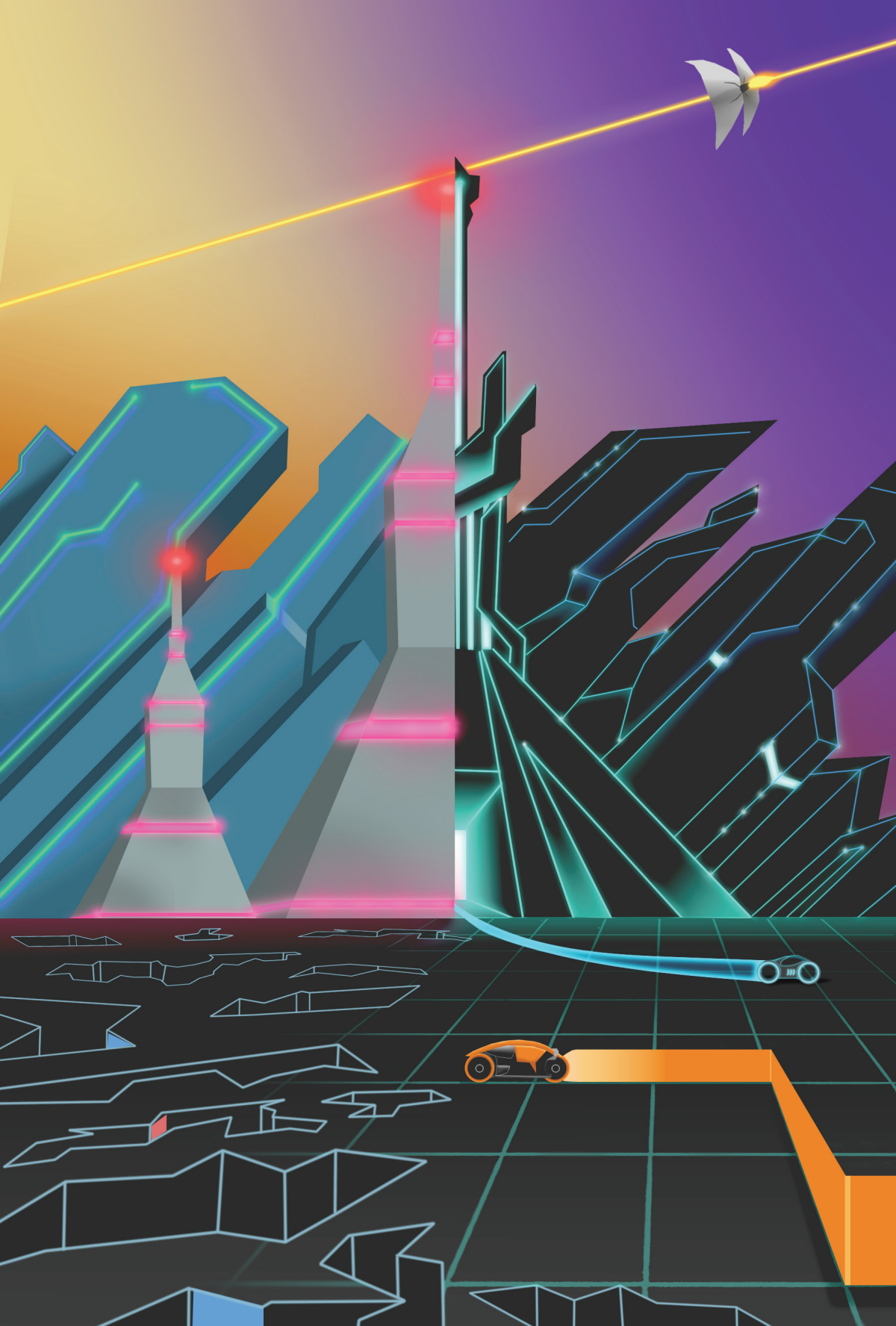
“I love you so much.” Tron said.

“I love you, too.”

He leaned into her, their foreheads touching. Tron faded away in a cascade of colors, leaving Yori holding two discs, now her own.

She wiped a tear, rezzed her cycle, and turned away.





TRONTIERS: The Evolution of Tron's Musical Masterpieces

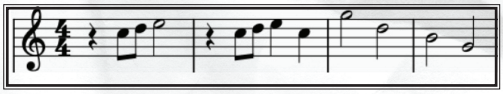
By Reedz
Tumblr: @ thesentrynetwork
Instagram: @TronMIDIArchive
Ao3: @ TheNameWithnoH

Tron... a masterpiece of a franchise, known for its unique usage of CGI and other glowing circuity effects. There is one aspect that ties Tron together and that, is the music. Tron is considered to have masterpieces of works created by various composers such as Wendy Carlos, Daft Punk, and Joseph Trapanese.

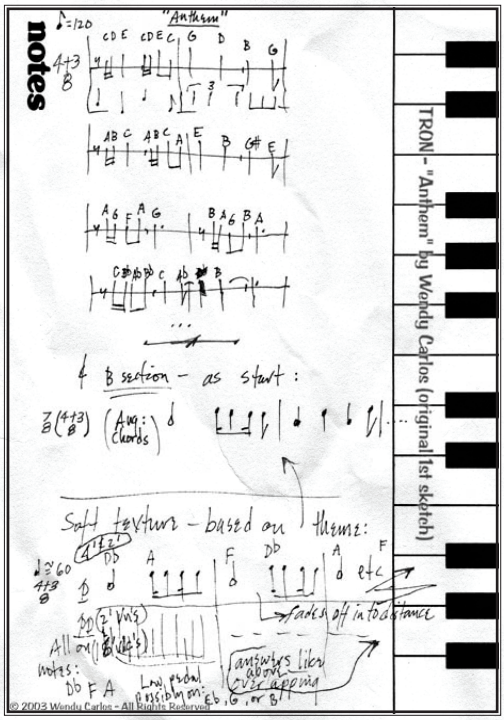
TRON (1982)

Tron (1982) was composed by synthesizer extraordinaire and transgender composer Wendy Carlos, along with the London Philharmonic and a chorus provided by the University of California, Los Angeles. Carlos had even performed in the soundtrack by utilizing the GDS and Moog synthesizers. Her mastery of the synthesizer was beyond perfection, bringing this futuristic, high-tech, electroacoustic symphony that is *Tron (1982)* to life.

Carlos's works fit along the spectrum of 20th century post-tonal music, providing various techniques through her creation of melodies. Carlos served as inspiration for other composers like Nathan Grigg, composer of *Tron 2.0*, and Joseph Trapanese. Trapanese took part in the orchestration of the scores for *Tron: Legacy* while Daft Punk were the primary composers. Later, Trapanese would become the primary composer for *Tron: Uprising*. This soundtrack will want you to make Flynn's jacket, man, grab your friends and take a trip to the local arcade. Out of this soundtrack, "Tron Scherzo", "Love Theme", and "Anthem" are among the favorites. Wendy Carlos provides in a 2003 post on her website an original sketch of the original Tron themes. The track "Tron Scherzo" has a primary melody that one can hear at the beginning of the arcade game, thus establishing the first of two Tron motifs. The melody in "Anthem" serves as the second and primary character motif for Tron and can be heard in a majority of the soundtrack.



Tron primary theme



Wendy Carlos's original sketches of the two main themes of TRON. Carlos, Wendy. "First Report: TRON Remastered." Wendy Carlos Tron-News, Serendip, May 2003, https://www.wendycarlos.com/+tron.html.

Wendy Carlos is the almighty pioneer of Tron music. She has set the foundation for not only synthesized music but also for the Tron franchise. The more you listen, you can hear Carlos's melodies through the fine ledger lines of each composer's works.

TRON 2.0 (2003)

Although *Tron 2.0* is considered non-canon, this soundtrack has an abundance of references and tributes to the 1982 soundtrack while adding the quirky computer sound effects people know and love. Nathan Grigg, composer of the hit 2003 game, provides a masterful tribute to the work of Wendy Carlos. The Tron motif is heard in certain parts of the game, showing Grigg's homage to Carlos. He even composed his version of Carlos's scherzo, adding the ambience and style from *2.0*. This version of the scherzo, titled "Scherzo 2.0" can be heard in the core meltdown mission in the game. There is a track called What "Are You Doing?! / Alan Enters the Electronic World" where one can listen to a Hawaiian styled version of the Tron motif. Grigg had successfully enhanced this soundtrack with the motifs of the original in mind. *Tron 2.0* not only stands for the game's continuation of original Tron, but also the continuation and enhancement of Tron's music.

TRON: Evolution (2010)

Which character motif came first? Abraxas or Clu? It's a little quirky take on the chicken or egg question but that's not the matter. *Tron: Evolution* was composed by Sascha Dikiciyan, Cris Velasco, and Kevin Manthei. Its dark, stormy usage of luminescent colors gives

players the futuristic, cyberpunk vibe. The music does great in each setting of the game, creating suspension in several areas. Listeners can get the mix of ambient, lo-fi "Tronaction" during the puzzle and non-combat areas. Heavy themes like "Abraxas" and the infected program tracks create a sense of action and fear. This soundtrack was a great start to the era of Flynn's Grid and this track served as the set up for what many state as the top soundtrack of the franchise.

TRON: Legacy (2010)

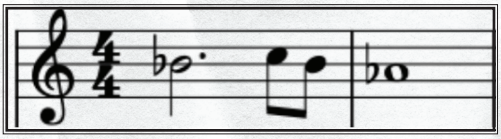
Often considered one of the best soundtracks in the Tron franchise, *Tron: Legacy* is a masterpiece of music. This film was composed by former French EDM duo Daft Punk and orchestrated by Joseph Trapanese. Every track was nothing but mastery and perfection. Throughout the score, Daft Punk uses a constant repetition of ostinato within the bass. This can be heard in tracks like "Recognizer", "The Game has Changed", and "Disc Wars". Legacy establishes character motifs and puts them into suites. If you include the Metro Tokyo Edition of *Tron: Legacy*, characters like Clu, Sam and even Kevin Flynn have their own character suites. Certain melodies and rhythms help identify a character's entrance or any scene with that character. With Clu for example, you hear his motif constantly throughout the Throne Ship scene with Sam, the lightjet fight at the latter and whenever he has those solo moments in the film. There's someone out there that wants their own theme when they're ready to slap a bowl of silver apples across a glass table.

TRON: Uprising (2012)

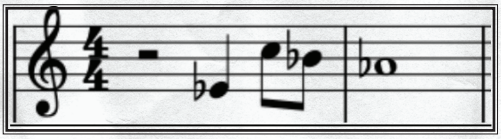
After his astounding orchestration of *Tron: Legacy*, Joseph Trapanese served as the composer for *Tron: Uprising*. The *Uprising* soundtrack is phenomenal. He keeps the rhythmic consistency from *Tron: Legacy*, adding ostinato rhythms within the bass. For an animated series, Trapanese gave *Tron: Uprising* a movie-based soundtrack. *Uprising*'s music provides not only the ambient, intense vibes of the Grid, it includes various forms of fan service. Most people know *Uprising*'s fan service in the form of Yori's suit in Able's office. Trapanese includes hidden rhythms that are a homage to Wendy Carlos and Daft Punk

in certain tracks. For example, the ‘82 track “Tower Music–Let Us Pray” has a melody that is referenced in several *Uprising* tracks such as “Beck’s Theme (LightBike Battle)” and “Lux’s Sacrifice.”

This show has its own 7-part suite, dedicated to a major 2-parter episode titled “Scars”. This soundtrack is up there with *Legacy*, and Trapanese kept the style and aesthetic of Tron City and ported it over to Argon and Purgos.



“Tower Music–Let Us Pray”



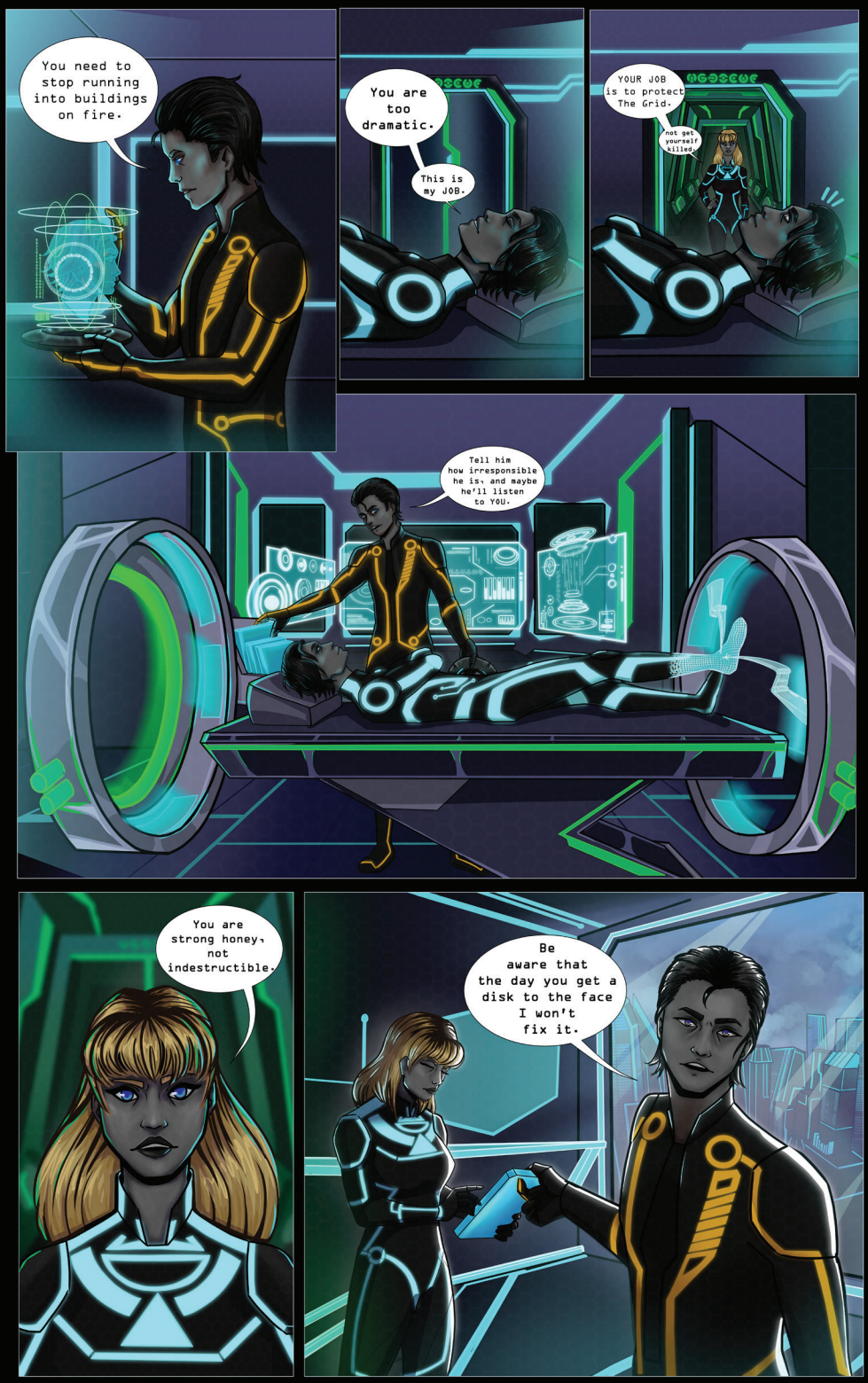
***Tron: Uprising** ending motif*

TRON: RUN/r (2016)

Compared to the other Tron soundtracks, *Run/r* has more of a similar style as *2.0* but has its own unique style of music. The composers, Giorgio Moroder and Raney Shockne, kept their themes minimal within the tracks as well as keeping the same key. The primary series of tracks include “The City” and “Underworld Remixes.” Most, if not all the tracks would probably be played at a club. Although most of the Tron soundtracks have kept traditional melodies, *Run/r* is an entirely new perspective in the eyes of Moroder and Shockne.

END OF LINE

The Tron fanbase has evolved throughout the years, having its massive surge in the early 2010 during the release of *Legacy*. The numbers continue to grow as new fans enter the system, admiring Tron’s storyline, effects, cinematography, and music. When Wendy Carlos composed the 1982 soundtrack, it became the start of the many musical masterpieces that Tron fans love and adore to this day. *2.0*, *Evolution*, *Legacy*, *Uprising*, and *Run/r* continue to provide the ambience and action that was all inspired by the works of Wendy Carlos. Fans feel like they are a part of the Grid, listening to the electronic phenomenon. Perfection may be unknowable in the words of Kevin Flynn, but if there is one perfect aspect about Tron the past 40 years, it is Tron’s electric symphony.

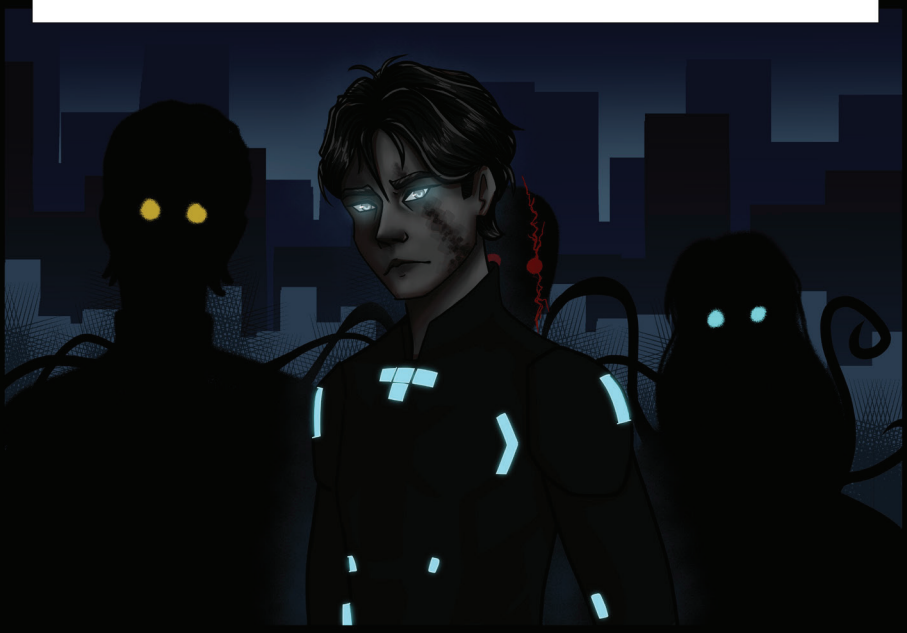

You need to stop running into buildings on fire.
You are too dramatic.
This is my JOB.
YOUR JOB is to protect The Grid.
not get yourself killed.
Tell him how irresponsible he is, and maybe he'll listen to YOU.
You are strong honey, not indestructible.
Be aware that the day you get a disk to the face I won't fix it.

Then maybe I should ask SOMEONE to make me stronger.
YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT WHAT WE...
I know, I'm just joking. Thanks for the fix, anyway.
Got to get back to work.
He's too ha on hims
He's half a cycle away from dying of tiredness.
And that armour is not enough anymore for his stunts.
You know what?
Let's fix that!

Clu I swear if this is some kind of joke I'm going to...
kill you...
so...
What do you think?
Made from the strongest materials and completely fireproof.
And we kept the color to make it stand out.
IT IS YOURS NOW

JUST REMEBER SOMETHING

YOU ARE NOT INDESTRUCTIBLE



CALCULATED RISK

By Moss
Tumblr: @ roykleinberg
Ao3 & FF: @ moss28

While Flynn trials a new method of program creation, Tron is left to consider the ramifications.

"You're pacing, Tron."

He huffs, gaze returning briefly to the datapad lying face-up on a nearby desk. In the cool ambient light of the simulation bay, the device's screen remains frustratingly dark.

Truthfully, he isn't sure what he's waiting for. There is no precedent for what Flynn is about to do – or what he's *already* doing – and as a security monitor, unknowns aren't something Tron handles well. Part of him is hoping to simply receive a message indicating the User is safe and his efforts successful. Another less optimistic part is waiting for an alert that Flynn's blown the Grid half to pieces – and himself with it. Those unsubstantiated possibilities eat away at him like gridbugs, making his circuits thrum with worry.

By contrast, Yori has always been a master manager of variables. Such is her function. Even now, with Tron cutting a tense figure in her peripherals, she remains at ease. Her attention is commanded by the Solar Sailer simulated in miniature before her, which she adjusts minutely. Before heading out beyond the Grid's written limits, Flynn recruited Yori to help run his calculations and formulate the vague outline of a plan. Flynn might have written dozens of programs in his lifetime, but never from *within* a system. No User ever has. Her speciality for creating something out of nothing made Yori the most qualified program to assist, and her involvement eases

Tron's current worries — if only just. Flynn's power and his prototypically reckless usage of it tends to nullify even the most carefully laid plans.

"You could at least *sit down* to brood. The more you stomp around the harder it is to stabilize this model."

Huffing again, Tron sets himself at the desk occupied by the datapad. With a furrowed brow he stares at the offending device, as though by his will alone the screen will illuminate with news.

"I just don't see why he needed to make a *production* out of this. Every User before him has managed perfectly fine with the usual methods."

"Well, that's Flynn for you," she responds through the hint of a bemused smile. "He hates rules and never bothers to calculate what he risks by breaking them."

Calculated risk. Ram tried explaining the concept to him once, back in the pit cells of the old system. Knowing the dangers but taking action anyway, because the potential reward outweighed the looming consequences. It seemed, at the time, counter to everything Tron was programmed for. His function was to regard every program and process and passing piece of data with a skeptical eye, then shut down any potential threat. He assumed Users were equally scrutinizing and risk averse for the sake of their well-being. Ram laughed and said that if *that* were true, the insurance business wouldn't be much of a business.

Tron hadn't understood.

Then he met Flynn.

"Do you trust him?" Yori asks in a way that suggests she already knows the answer, and is only asking for his benefit.

He sighs before answering, almost wishing he were reasonable enough to deny it. "I do. For some reason, I always do." Not blindly, no. He *questions* — an idea that would have seemed blasphemous cycles ago, when the Users were a revered but distant pantheon before Flynn came along and shattered all expectations. But he trusts Flynn for *who* he is, not *what* he is. And User or not, he's a *friend*. One

that has proven himself to Tron time and time again. Their ways of thinking don't always align, but he knows at his core that Flynn would never bring intentional harm to the Grid. If this is the solution he's arrived at, the best way to compensate for his increasingly extended absences, Tron has to believe it's the right thing to do.

At that moment — a fraction of a moment, so fleeting it might escape a program for whom alertness isn't a primary directive — the Grid *shudders*. Not merely the ground or the buildings, but its very *code*. Every light in the simulation bay dims for a sliver of a nanocycle before flaring back brighter, and Yori's Sailer model collapses in on itself like a crystalline sandcastle.

In the same instant an alert beeps on Tron's datapad, warning of a power surge with an epicenter at the coordinates Flynn provided.

"Well," Yori sighs, skimming over blaring readouts with a frown, "that covers *one* stress test."

For a long moment Tron is silent, allowing the space to be filled by the soft modulations of the command console as Yori readjusts the Sailer's inputs. His eyes remain fixed on his datapad, at the outlier reading that's already returned to baseline in a blink. The Grid has never been entirely without problems — gridbug infestations, structural instabilities, power fluctuations as its growth outpaces its bounds. But this singular spike feels *different*, like a fulcrum on which the system's future hinges. Here they hang precariously at the surge's peak, a moment of calm before everything tips one way or the other into the uncharted unknown.

"I should go meet them," he says, standing and swiping away the alert. Tron's function requires him to operate in the *here* and *now*, not to ruminate on the philosophy of running a system. And in the here and now, Flynn has created a unique program to act in his stead, to weigh the Grid's present against its potential and maintain balance. All that concerns Tron is his place at the new Administrator's side where he will stand, just as he always has at Flynn's, ready to serve.

He kisses Yori on the cheek before he goes. With a soft smile reserved only for her, he promises to meet at the End of Line after Flynn departs. Outside of the simulation bay he pauses, fingers curled around the light cycle baton at his hip. Clouds are gathering on the distant horizon, sparks sparks of what Flynn calls

lightning illuminating the masses of simulated water vapor from the inside. Yori spent ages trying to get everything right, from the shape of the clouds to the sound of rain hitting the ground, based on references Flynn digitized for her. Yet another of the User's attempts to make the Grid feel more like *home*. Tron thinks he understands that desire, that sense of longing for a place that makes you feel grounded.

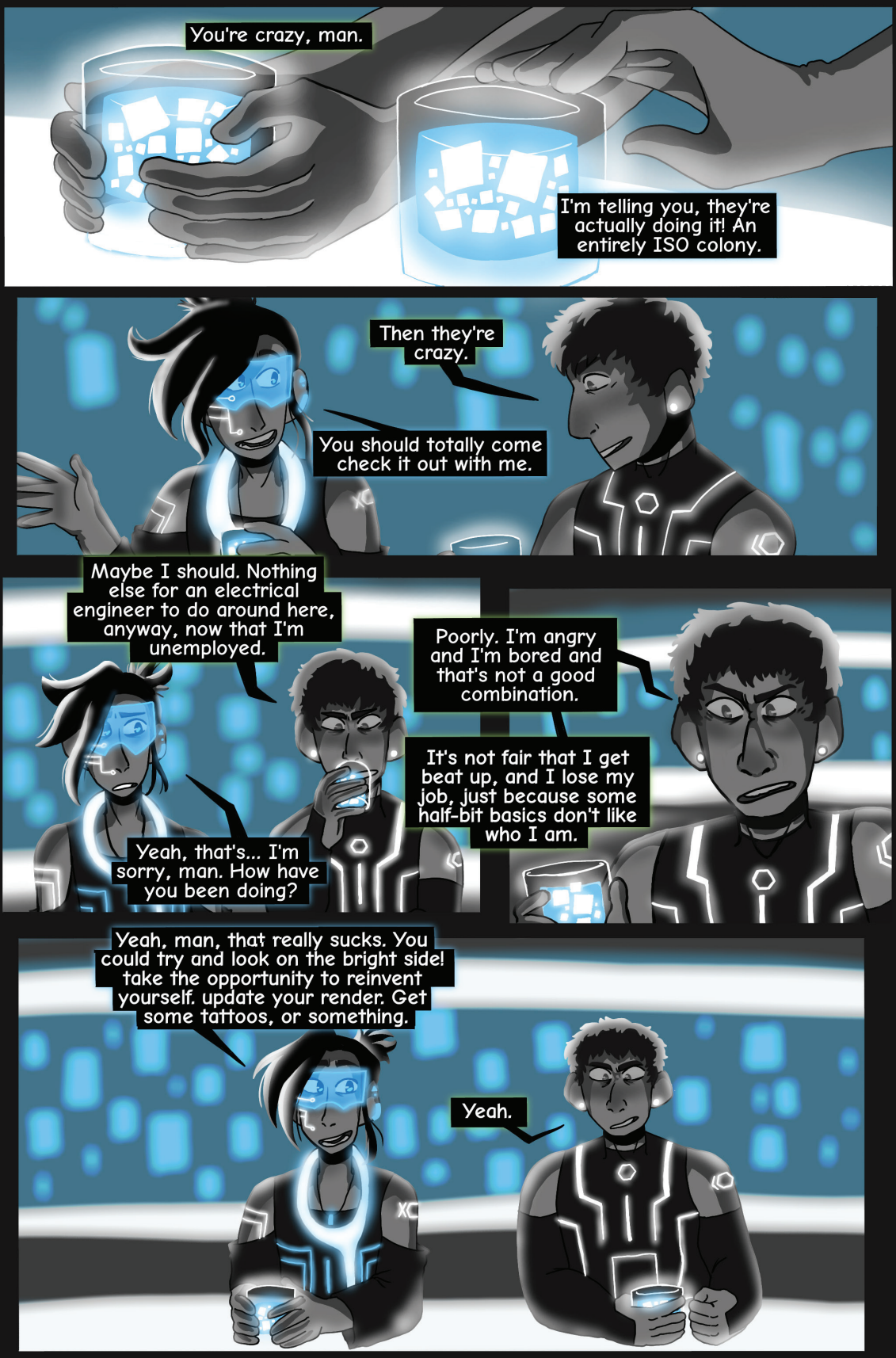
Flynn, at least, is only as far from home as he is from the Portal.

The Encom System is nothing more than a file in Tron's memory banks.

Change is good, man, Flynn says. *Change is just part of life.* And he trusts Flynn, he does, through every half-rendered idea that shouldn't work but somehow always manages to. Because Flynn is his friend and change, embraced or not, is inevitable. He can yearn for a stable, problem-free Grid – and personal existence – all he likes, but such a quiet and boring runtime could only be one without Flynn in it. Not an alternative he's willing to entertain.

Calculated risk, he thinks. Perhaps he finally understands it.

Once he unclips his baton and rezzes up his light cycle, Tron speeds towards the heart of the city where Flynn and his program will be waiting.


You're crazy, man.
I'm telling you, they're actually doing it! An entirely ISO colony.
Then they're crazy.
You should totally come check it out with me.
Maybe I should. Nothing else for an electrical engineer to do around here, anyway, now that I'm unemployed.
Yeah, that's... I'm sorry, man. How have you been doing?
Poorly. I'm angry and I'm bored and that's not a good combination.
It's not fair that I get beat up, and I lose my job, just because some half-bit basics don't like who I am.
Yeah, man, that really sucks. You could try and look on the bright side! take the opportunity to reinvent yourself. update your render. Get some tattoos, or something.
Yeah.

Look, man, what happened to you sucks. It really does, and I'm sorry.
But this is totally what I'm talking about! Imagine a whole colony, of people like us, where you don't have to put up with basics like that!
okay, I'll give you one thing.
this place is pretty cool.

Your name is Gibson.
You are an ISO.
And you can make a home here.

GREATER GOOD

BY TIM
TWITTER: @ELECTROMA2006

TRON HAS TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH CYRUS AFTER HE BECOMES TOO DANGEROUS.

Tron had hoped that things wouldn't come to this. He had enough to deal with as is, but... now he had an even bigger problem to tackle. For a while, things had been going alright with Cyrus. He was taking to his training well— the Program had learned everything quickly. Cyrus was clever too. Sometimes, he thought of solutions that Tron hadn't even considered. *That* is where the issue came from. Over the past few cycles, these "solutions" became more extreme. Cyrus was starting to become reckless. More violent. And that's what worried Tron the most.

"...he won't listen to me either," Tron sighed, "I've tried to reason with him, but nothing works."

"Sounds like he's gone rogue," Able said, not looking up from his work. Tron's energy chamber needed a few minor repairs, so Able had come by to do them.

"Not entirely. He still does his work, he's just..."

"Dangerous?" Able asked.

Tron crossed his arms. “Not the Program he used to be.”

It was hard to believe that Cyrus was the one who saved him all those cycles ago. Going against his programming just because he felt bad for Tron. He would’ve been derezzed if it wasn’t for him— if he hadn’t gotten Able involved either. Able had built this hideout from the ground up as a favor to the young Program.

Able stood up, turning to face Tron. “Yeah, no kidding. I don’t think the old Cyrus would derez innocent Programs just because they got in his way.”

“I’m just not sure what to do now,” Tron said, frowning deeply. “Derezzing him is an option, but—”

“You don’t want to do that, do you?”

Tron shook his head. “I’d risk hurting myself if I tried.”

That was only partially true. The real reason was that he would feel too bad to even go through with it. Tron did care about Cyrus deeply, even now. Tron knew that Able probably saw right through him and was glad that he said nothing.

Able hummed quietly. “It probably wouldn’t be ideal if you got yourself killed.”

“Thanks for the concern,” Tron replied flatly.

“Don’t start with me.” Able rolled his eyes. “*Anyways*, instead of derezzing him, what if we built something to keep him in? Like, some sort of prison.”

“You know he would break out—”

Able waved his hand through the air. “I’m not talking about some holding cell. It’d be something bigger. More secure. I can design everything myself. It’s just a matter of what you want to do.”

Tron sighed. That was the issue. He didn’t know what he wanted to do. So many things could go wrong— he didn’t even want to think about the potential aftermath of Cyrus finding out. But... anything was better than killing him outright. Or so he hoped.

That settled it, then. Abel would create something secure enough to contain Cyrus, and that meant Tron wouldn’t have to derez him. This was for the greater good.

– – – – – – – – – – –

Keeping secrets proved to be somewhat of a

challenge, as Tron found out. Cyrus, for better or for worse, was a very clever Program. Tron knew he suspected something after a few milicycles. That was Tron's fault for not doing a better job at hiding that he was probably hiding something. He tried to keep Cyrus busy so that he could monitor the prison's progress at least semi-regularly. To Able's credit, it was impressive how fast he worked. The specifics of this were lost on him— Able talked a lot about "compressed space" and other things like that. This wasn't Tron's area of expertise— he was a security Program after all— but one thing was for certain: once Cyrus was locked in, he wasn't going to get out.

During one training session, he had let himself get distracted thinking about what would become of things after Cyrus was locked away. The end result was Cyrus knocking Tron flat on his back, to both of their surprises.

"Tron, c'mon, what's the matter?" Cyrus asked, hoisting him up to his feet. "You've been acting weird for ages now. Is something wrong?"

"It's nothing," Tron answered almost too quickly. "I just haven't gotten a lot of rest. I'm fine, Cyrus."

"Promise me you're being honest," Cyrus said. "That there's nothing else going on."

Tron thought about the already vast expanse of space hidden underneath the outlands, about how Cyrus would end up rotting there as time went on. "I promise."

- - - - - - - - - - -

"We're going to Gallium."

The prison was finished, hidden away in the outlands where no one could find it. Tron had made up excuses as to why they wouldn't just be taking the main road, Cyrus bought every single one. Thank Users, Tron thought as their light cycles tore through the barren

wasteland. It didn’t make it any easier on him, but it would save him from having to lie any more.

Tron stopped and got off of his light cycle in front of a massive crater, full of pure energy. (able had picked this spot so that cyrus wouldn’t die from energy deprivation). At the bottom of it was where Cyrus would be put away for good. Tron couldn’t find it in himself to feel too happy about it.

“This... doesn’t look like Gallium,” Cyrus said, getting off of his own.

“No. It’s not. I have to do something here first. Follow me.”

Tron didn’t wait for an answer. He knew that Cyrus would follow him to the ends of the Grid if asked. It didn’t take long for them to reach the bottom. And there, in the middle of it all, was the entrance to the prison. Black and sleek— a stark contrast to the rough terrain. Tron turned to Cyrus with a grave expression on his face. Cyrus looked at him with wide eyes, searching for an answer he wouldn’t receive. Cyrus no longer trusted him. Tron could tell.

“What is this?” Cyrus whispered. Then, louder, angrier, “Tron, *what is this?*”

He tried to lash out at tron, but Tron expected that. He grabbed both of Cyrus’ wrists and pinned them behind him, marching him towards his fate.

“Your new home,” Tron said. “I’m sorry. I didn’t want to have to do this, but you’re putting too much on the line. And I’m *not* going to kill you.”

Cyrus struggled against him, but to no avail. No matter how hard he tried (or how much he insulted Tron), he couldn’t stop the inevitable. Tron hesitated once they reached the entrance. Was this truly the right choice?

No. He couldn’t doubt himself now. Tron inhaled deeply before pushing him through the barrier. The deed was done. Tron could... just leave. Something was stopping him though. He watched as Cyrus tried to break free. It pained him. He knew that in time, Cyrus would grow to hate him. And maybe he already did, but... that didn’t matter. No more innocent Programs had to die at the hands of his apprentice.

Tron placed his hand against the barrier, over top where Cyrus had placed his. “I’m so sorry, but I had to do this.”

He sighed quietly. “It was for the greater good.”

Moving On

By PortalPanda

Tumblr: @ portalpanda

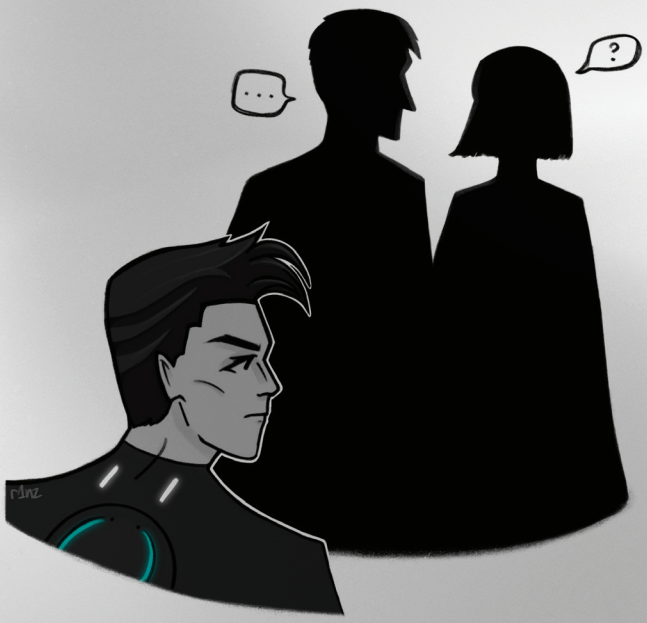
Tron and Beck discuss their place in the larger Uprising.

Beck watches two silhouettes at the end of the pier, scrutinizing their every detail for intel. Unfortunately, they're working just as hard to keep him in the dark. Both programs are perfectly still, their movements betraying nothing. Their backs are turned so he can't read their lips. He strains to catch some fragment of their conversation, but this location was chosen for a reason. He can only hear the soft din of the city in the distance and the lapping of the sea below.

Beck huffs, irritated. Glitching paranoid strategists. He's come to expect as much from Tron, but Quorra...

Well. He's not sure what to make of Quorra.

She treats him like some naive kid because she has information he doesn't—but she's also unwilling to share what she knows. Beck finds this especially annoying because it isn't as if he's untrustworthy. *Tron*, the system monitor, who has been betrayed no less than three times on this Grid alone, has trusted Beck with his suit and his name—if not his life. That should be all the reassurance she needs. But,



apparently, it isn't.

Quorra refuses to share intel in front of Beck, which is why he now finds himself shoved to the wayside. Tron finally shooed him off so the older programs could speak in private. Usually Beck would stand his ground, or at least make more of a fuss at being *dismissed*, but Tron seemed oddly anxious to hear whatever it was Quorra had to say. Beck has to wonder if the two of them know each other somehow—not that he'll get any answers by trying to blend with the scenery.

Thankfully, Quorra turns on her heel before he combusts. She steals one last look at the Monitor before approaching his apprentice. Her expression isn't smug, but level. Almost appraising.

[*Go on,*] she pings, oddly soft, and when he turns to look back at her she's gone, disappeared to Flynn—knows where. The beta tries to temper his exasperation as he joins Tron. One mystery at a time.

"What was that about?" he says. "Or am I allowed to ask?"

Either Tron misses Beck's snarkiness or he elects to ignore it. Instead, his gaze remains fixed on some distant point over the sea, unwavering. Moments like this remind Beck that Tron is older than the rest of the world.

"She wants me to leave with her."

That shouldn't hit Beck as hard as it does. He knows that Tron has only stayed here because he was tethered, too injured to leave. He chose Beck to fight beside him, sure, but only out of that same necessity. Now that he's healed Tron has the option to leave—to continue the fight on his own, or with someone like Quorra, who has better intel and more resources. The fact that Beck wasn't made for fighting used to be a strength; now it may well be a weakness. He knows all of this, and yet he still feels betrayed.

"What?"

"Her... *network* has plans," Tron says, turning the word over as if inspecting it. "They want me to be part of them."

Beck's circuits flare. He can't seem to decide who he's angry at.

"You don't take orders from *strangers*."

"No. I don't," Tron agrees. And then, before Beck can respond, "*Now* you're not allowed to ask."

Beck feels another jolt of panic. It's never good when Tron jokes.

"Are you seriously considering this?"

Again, the older program's gaze catches on something beyond the horizon.

"I have to."

"But—what about Argon? There's an *armada* out there," Beck says, waving at the city in front of them. "Now that programs are rebelling like you wanted, you're just going to leave?"

Tron sighs. "Beck—"

"And what about *me*?" He can't quite keep the hurt from his voice. "I was captured by Dyson today! Clu himself knows my identity! I'm going to have to go into hiding, and you never even finished training me! You can't just leave me behind—"

[*Listen/calm down.*] Tron sends a high clearance ping, forceful enough to shatter Beck's train of thought. "I never said that I agreed to leave. I said I was considering it."

The beta finally has his full attention—just in time for a lecture.

"I'll have to move on from Argon eventually," Tron says, crossing his arms. "This city was always a starting point. We need to train the programs here to fight for themselves, then move to the next city, and the next. Our goal is to free the Grid. That's our priority. It has to be. As for *you*," he jabs the symbol on Beck's chest. "You are a perfectly capable soldier. You escaped from Dyson and Clu, unharmed."

"I had help," Beck mumbles.

"I usually do, too." The words are laced with a kind of begrudging gratitude, which turns more gruff as he looks the beta up and down. "You shouldn't be so unnerved at the idea of being left behind. You signed up to be my *replacement*. You knew I wouldn't be here forever."

Beck makes an effort not to flinch. While that may technically be true, he had never really been prepared for Tron to... disappear.

He still isn't.

"Well yeah, but—things are different now."

"I know," Tron says. And there's something final about those words—something heavy. Beck feels small as he looks across the darkness of the sea, helpless, like he

hasn’t felt since Able died. So that’s it then. The Uprising is moving forward without him. He’s being left behin—

“That’s why I’m asking you to come with me.”

Beck doesn’t know if he should laugh or scream.

“What?”

“Once Argon is free and things have settled down, I’ll be moving on,” Tron says. “You don’t have to join me. But if you want to save the Grid, you can’t do it from here.” For a moment his military-perfect posture relaxes into something less certain—almost vulnerable. “I could use your help.”

Beck is stunned to silence. Tron hated asking for help when he was *dying*. The fact that he’s asking now, willingly, says a lot about how far they’ve come. It’s also a relief to know he’s still needed, as much as that can apply while facing down insurmountable odds against a power-mad dictator.

“Thanks,” Beck says, because that’s probably the closest thing to flattery Tron is capable of. And speaking of tough crowds, “...I doubt Quorra will like that, though.”

“Quorra needs me,” Tron says, unfazed. “If I tell her I’m not leaving without you, she won’t have a choice. In the meantime, she can help out here.”

“She can fight,” Beck agrees, side-eyeing his mentor. “Wonder who trained her.”

Tron almost smiles. [*Nice try.*]

Beck huffs, then sobers as he takes in the battered city before them.

Argon isn’t peaceful anymore. Parts of the skyline are gone, reduced to rubble and smoke—penance for the rebellion. Beck knows it will only get worse before it gets better. Even in the best case scenario they’ll need to rebuild once the fighting is over. Tron is right that he can’t save his home from here, but the thought of leaving it behind is painful, to say the least.

“...It’s a big decision,” he says.

“I know,” Tron says. And there’s that weight again, like he’s carrying the whole of the city. The whole of the Grid. “But I’m sure you’ll make the right one.”

VERTEX

BY VINCE
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DEVIANTART: @INVINCIBLEINC

EVERYONE IS GONE. EVERYONE BUT TRON.

The garage felt different without Able's presence. Dead.

Tron removed a grate and levered himself out of the vent. He landed in an office, empty and shuttered for the downcycle. A floating desk horseshoed around its centre. In the corners stood racks of batons and various display cases. The largest was a tall, transparent tube, interred with a single gridsuit, laced with familiar light lines.

Yori.

A Bit circled his head, cooing '*No*'s to the air. After a few nanos, it tired of the company and settled in a subdued puddle by a pedestal. Its stellated shape softened into something rounder. Tron stared at it, reluctant to move and relating to the creature.

These past few cycles had been enervating for everyone.

Slowly, he mustered his muscles in the direction of the display case. His soles scraped a silent path across the floor. He didn't want anyone to know he was here, Beck least of all. This pain was private.

He reached it and ran his eyes up the replica inside. It loomed over him like a ghostly monolith. In reality, it was a tribute to a program long-passed, crafted with finesse and care. Able had loved her too. Not in the same way, but he'd mourned nonetheless.

For a while Tron just stood there, lost in mawkish thought. This office housed too many memories, and all of

them involved the two programs who meant the most to him.

Able and Yori. They were his pillars when Flynn was gone, lone lights in a new system. Back then the frontier was both dim and exciting. Yori helped plan streets and draft architecture, while Able handled the engineering side. Shaddox did a bit of both, before Clu got him too.

Tron sagged until his forehead touched cool glass, then pressed a palm flat to its surface. Across from him, Yori's circuits seemed to brighten, too fast to be sure he hadn't imagined it. His eyelids fluttered shut.

The cycles melted away. At his side, he saw the svelte suit from Able's vitrine. Only this one was worn by a program. Yori drew in a sharp breath.

"Beautiful," she said.

She cast her gaze across the skyline, tracing light-kissed contours. Below them sprawled streets limned with blue and dotted with programs. Budding buildings broke up the horizon. Beyond that, the Outlands lurked with their own unique majesty. And in the midst of it all, Yori took in the play of chiaroscuro with reverence.

"Beautiful," Tron agreed. But his eyes were nowhere near the city.

He pulled back, breaking the seal and opening his eyes. His skin still buzzed from the contact.

Coming here was a mistake.

He was about to leave when he spotted a baton lying on the desk. An Encom-786, second generation. The same one he'd gifted Able all those cycles ago. It still had the dent in the grip.

Swallowing, he stretched out a hand. He balked at the last moment, fingers frozen and hovering. Then he plucked it up. An odd warmth blossomed in the cradle of his palm. He clutched it to his chest and the warmth followed.

Users, he missed them. Wherever they went, if it was a place at all, he wanted to follow. But not yet. The Grid still needed him, *Beck* still needed him. Sooner or later his runtime would reach its end. Until then, there was work to do.

Suddenly, shockwaves ripped down his spine, from his scar to the tips of his toes. He staggered against the desk, circuits strobing like busted bulbs, body spasming.

Sooner rather than later, maybe.

His processes lagged to a halt. He hunched over,

helpless as everything rebooted. Nanos ticked by like cycles. Unnoticed, his grip loosened and the baton clattered to the floor—

And then, all at once, it was over. Gingerly, he rocked back on his heels. His hand shook when he smoothed it over his hair, and the idle Bit chirped from its perch. It almost sounded concerned.

The scuffle with Cyrus had taken its toll. Tron could feel each patch of bruised code, eating him away, inflaming the infection he'd barely kept at bay. Able always guessed Cyrus would be back to bite them, and he had a habit of being right. Even now Tron heard the mechanic's voice scolding him in his head.

"Glitching troglodyte," Able said. He dabbed at a score on Tron's shoulder. "Can't you ever take care of yourself?"

Tron let out a shuddering sigh. A muscle pulsed in his jaw. Function aside, Able was a lot like Tron himself. Yori too. Perhaps that was where the attraction had stemmed from, and the conflict. Just three old, irascible programs, against the world.

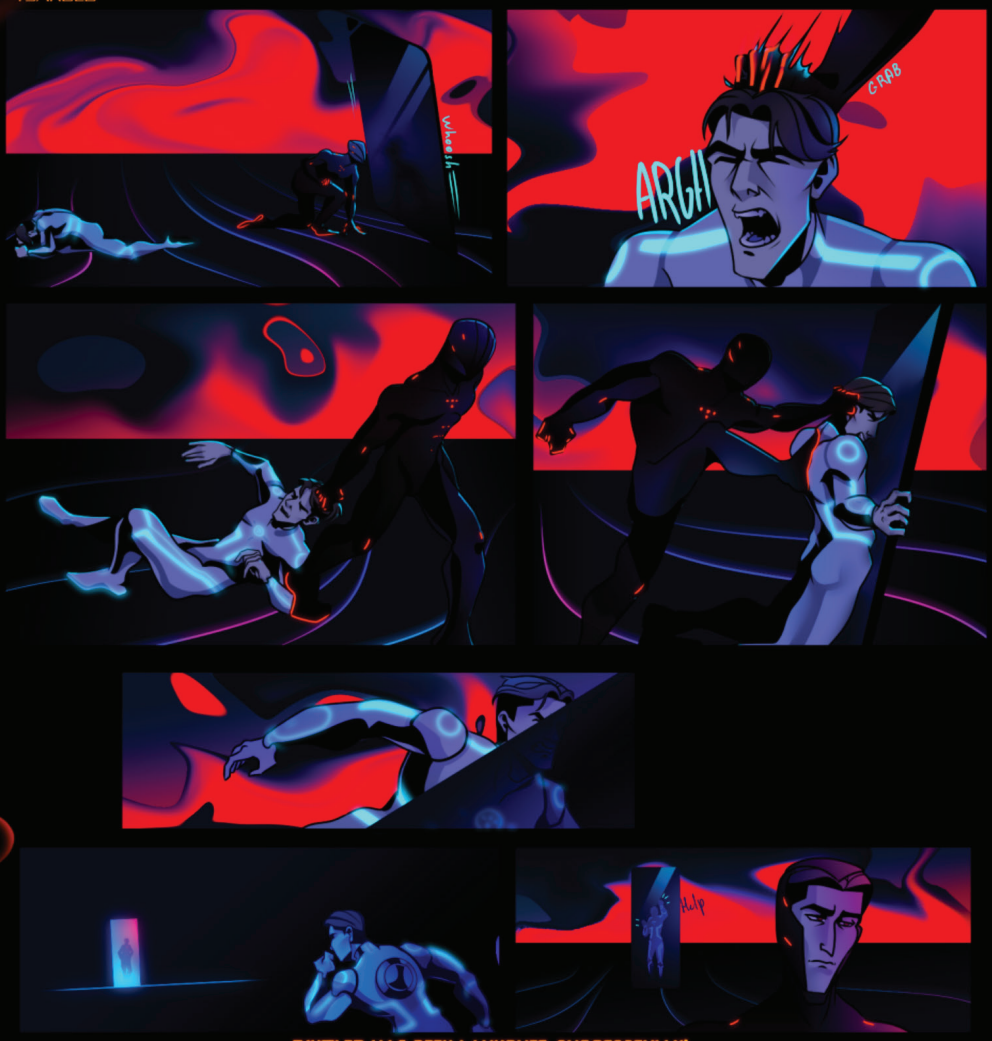
Twin pools of energy welled in each eye. A sob scratched up his throat.

At last, Tron allowed himself to weep.

Where am I?
FLYNN
BECK
GO
BAM
Hey
Do you need a helping hand?

TSARDEO
I don't know where these intruders came from
But they disturb the whole stability of this place
ugh
AAAA
ugh
CRACK

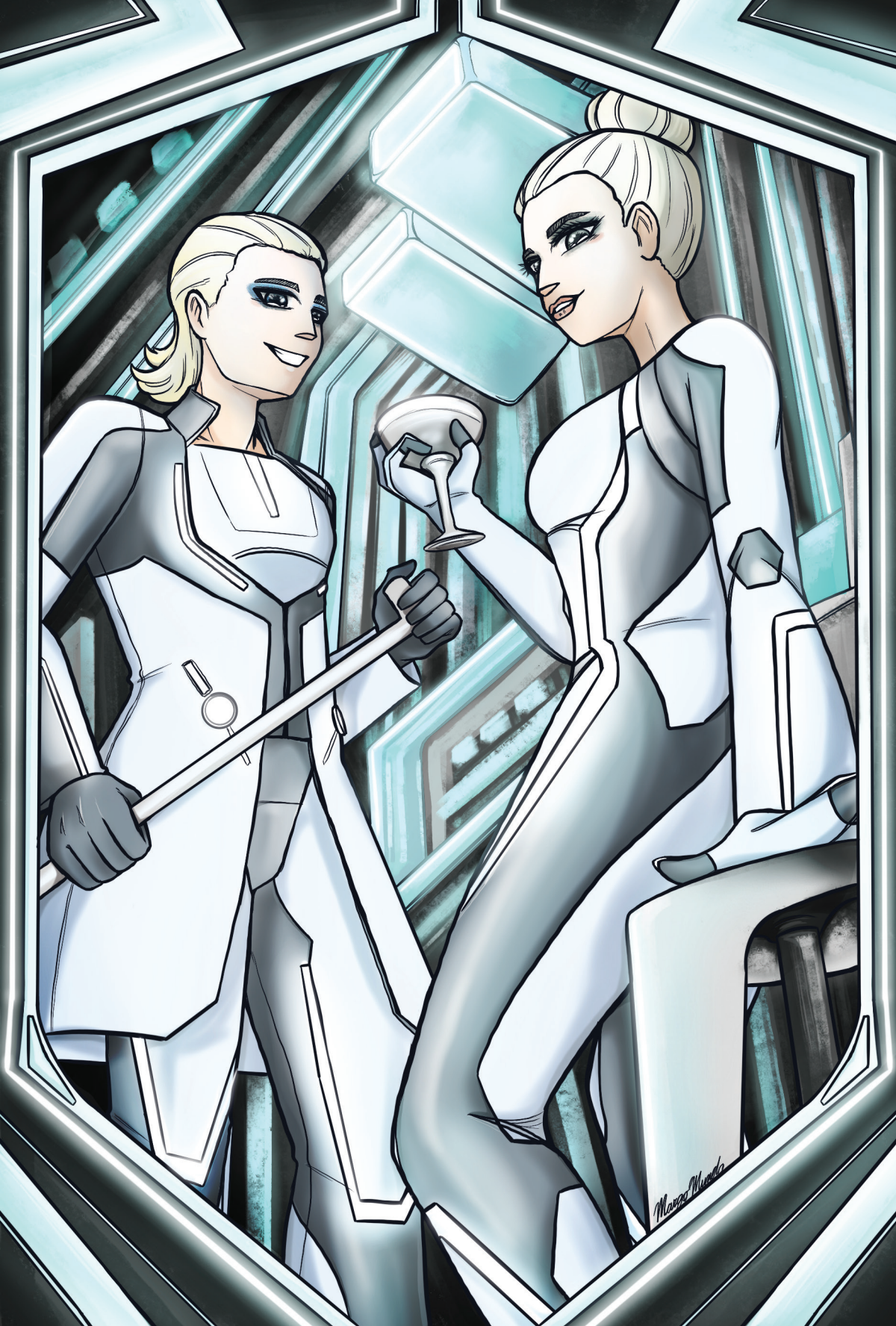
TSARDED
Tron... his body is destroying due to the foreign code
We cannot fully subdue his consciousness without any damage
Sir, the process is unstable
That's because he's from the old Grid
Suppress the most unstable element
RINZLER
SUPPRESS IT



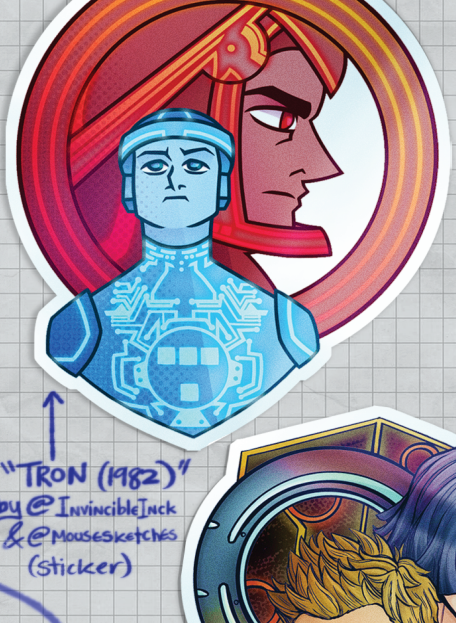
RINZLER HAS BEEN LAUNCHED SUCCESSFULLY,

Behold the sphere. It's curvature. It's shape. So, endlessly...
Perfect.

2022

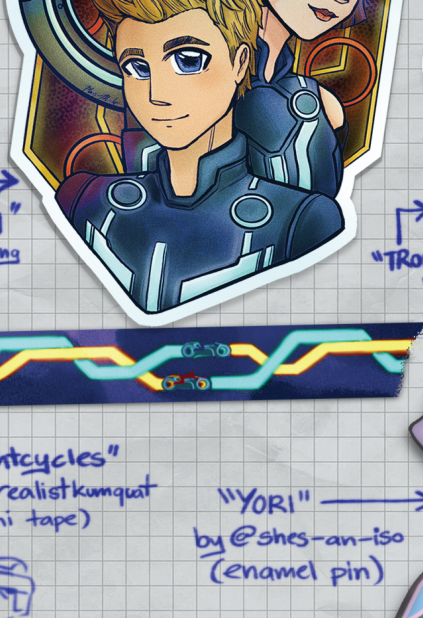

Marco Murado

MERCHANDISE



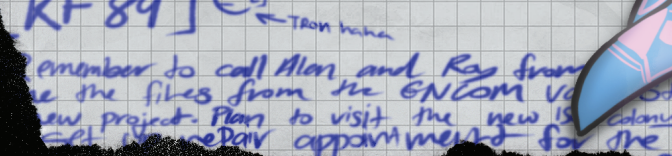
"TRON (1982)"
by @InvincibleInck
& @mousesketches
(sticker)

"TRON 2.0"
by @rexwrendraws (sticker)



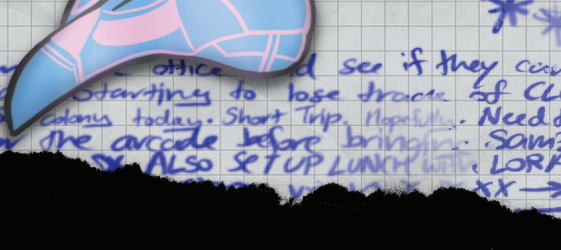
"TRON: Legacy"
by @byte_bashing
(sticker)

"TRON: Evolution"
by @theartsycanary (sticker)



"Lightcycles"
by @realistkumquat
(washi tape)

"YORI"
by @shes-an-iso
(enamel pin)



KF
[KF 89]

Tron haha

CALL ROBERT TO RE-FOCUS INPUT FOR

APPOIN
SET U
10:3
WEDN

ASK IF KISITS TO THE OLD ARCADE BESIDE THE DINO CAFE

remember to call Alan and Ray from office and see if they can
the files from the ENCOM va starting to lose track of CLU's
new project. Plan to visit the new is colonus today. Short Trip, Hopefully. Need to
call Jeanne Dair appointment for the arcade before bringing Sam?
ALSO SET UP LUNCH with LORA
XX →

ZINE COVER ILLUSTRATED BY @bonono_cat

* The Grid, ~~THE~~ A digital frontier. I tried to ~~find~~ ~~see~~ picture clusters of information as there moved through the computer. → Recognizer? → Ships → Lightcycles → Motorcycles??? → external network → circuits like freeways? I kept dreaming of a world I thought I'd never see. And then, one day,

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@RINZLER

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@JACKARRIS

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@3_INCH_JAM

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FONTS USED
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- BODY – Menlo
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END OF LINE.